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The Touch of Life

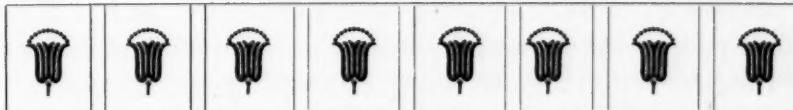
FRANCES BENT DILLINGHAM

Oh velvet green of sod
Above the hard brown clod!
The bursting leaf we see
On gray gnarled branch of tree;
Above the dark black mould
The tender shoots unfold.

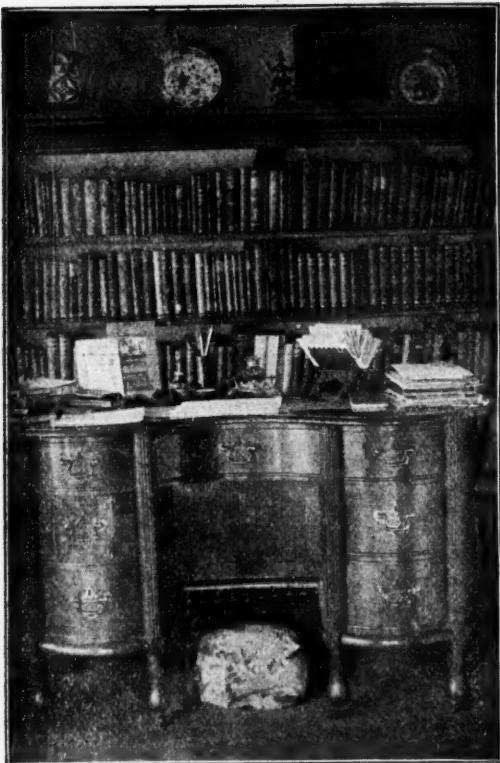
So in far Galilee
Nature awoke for Thee,
The lilies by Thee sprung,
The fruit beside Thee hung;
And on thy blest birth-night
A new star sprang to light.

O Thou who art life's Spring,
Touch us to blossoming,
Till hearts close shut and cold
Like summer leaves unfold
To Thee, the ages' Sun,
The Light and Life in one!

—Missionary Friend.



FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK



You will read these notes in May, although they are sent forth on a bright April morning, after the Editor—according to her usual custom!—has rifled the treasurer's mail, as well as her own, for tidbits of news for you. How near our far-away friends seem when we get these personal glimpses of them! . . . Dr. Shirley Smith, writes, "I wish you could see my Easter lilies. Yesterday, I counted eighty open, or partly open, flowers and many more buds, besides a large bouquet in the house." Miss Dawson has gone, on furlough, to her home in Australia, and Dr. Smith has a native woman to assist her in the Orphanage. We have the dearest picture of three of the Sinclair Orphanage

"brownies" which you shall see a little later. . . . Mrs. Garland, Superintendent of the Manchester, N. H., Cradle Roll, writes about the picture of the babies in this number, "It was taken at our Cradle Roll reception, June, 1905. We had sixty members at the time. Now we have sixty-five. It was through Mrs. Mitchell's efforts that our Roll was organized." . . . The auxiliary of the Paige St. church, Lowell, Mass., has invited the annual meeting of the W. M. S. to meet there and the invitation has been accepted. Let us plan for a large and enthusiastic convention, in October, with our workers in Lowell. How many of us, think you, would attend, if we were obliged to go in bullock carts, through jungles, and under so many depressing circumstances as Miss Coombs mentions in her letter about a meeting in India? . . . We have received the pamphlet, "The First Two Decades of the Student Volunteer Movement" which gives one renewed courage and hope for the im-

mediate future of foreign missions. This movement has touched nearly one thousand institutions of higher learning in North America. It has on its records the names of 2,953 volunteers who had sailed to the mission field, prior to 1906. When it began its work less than \$10,000 a year was being contributed toward missionary objects by all the institutions of the United States and Canada. Last year 25,000 students and professors gave \$80,000. Its educational work has been of incalculable value. During the past year there was an enrollment of 12,629 students in mission classes. We asked one of the college men who was a delegate to the great Student Volunteer Convention at Nashville, what impressed him most of all. He replied, "The silent prayer." The power of the silence of 6,000 persons, who with one accord and for one purpose waited for the influx of the Spirit, was something never to be forgotten. At a joint meeting of the Regular and Free Baptists, our representative, Mrs. Harriet Phillips Stone, spoke of three things for which we, as a people, should be thankful. Do not fail to use what she said in your Thank Offering meeting: "1. The blessed revivals in many parts of India in which our own field is sharing, some of the very worst characters in our Balasore community having given evidence of thorough regeneration. 2. The fact that we now have more missionaries (men) in the field than ever before. 3. That during the past four years there has been an increase of 3600 per cent. in the numbers engaged in mission study among our people. This was a much larger per cent. of increase than I saw credited to any other denomination although of course their numbers greatly exceed ours." . . . Miss Dawson writes that she is sending the picture—which we hope to reproduce later—of the ten girls in Sinclair Orphanage who have recently been baptized. . . . We grieve with Mrs. Nellie E. C. Furman, president of the New York Southern Division of the I. S. S., in the death of her father. The treasurer and editor well remember that sunshine home where they were so happily entertained in 1900.

The one and only law of life that sets a man free from all the forces that blight and destroy is the will of God. Show me a man who lives for one day wholly in word and thought and deed in the will of God, and I will show you a man who is antedating heaven, and who for that day reaches the plane of life which is at once broadcast, freest and gladdest.—*Campbell Morgan.*

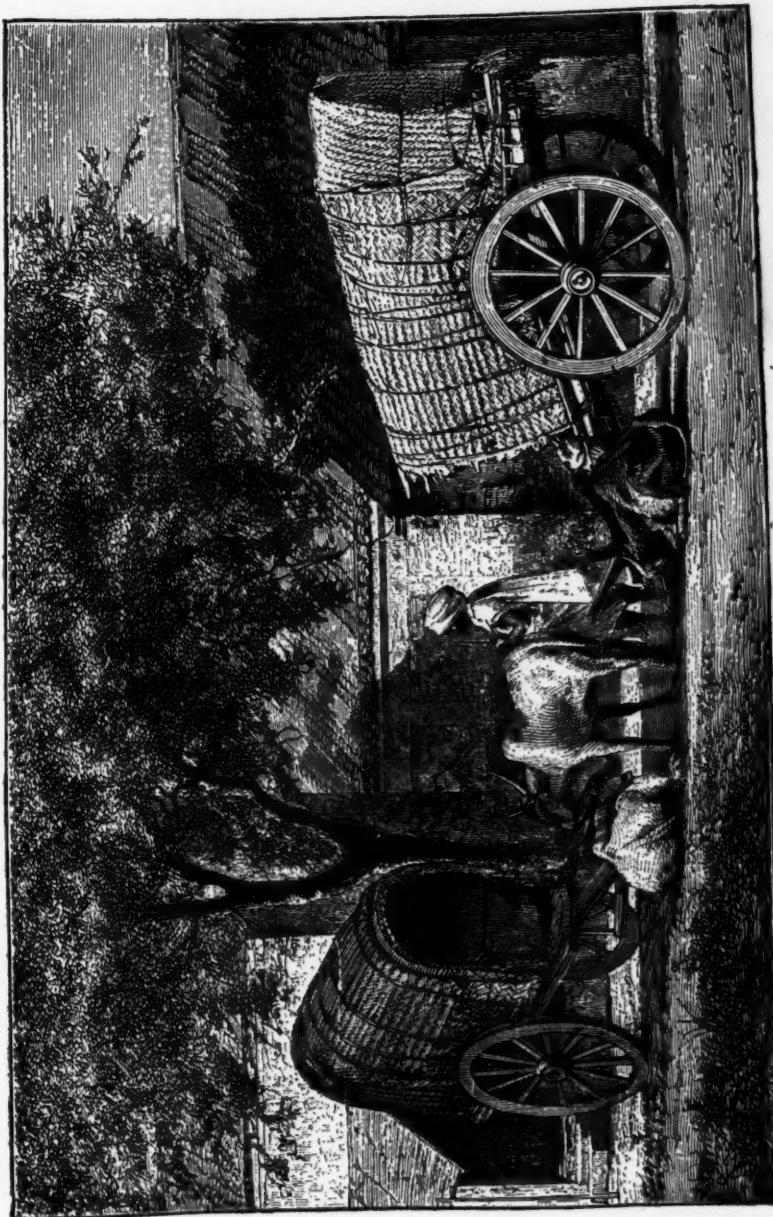
A NOVEL QUARTERLY MEETING

BY L. C. COOMBS

Ulda, India, March 12, 1906.—This is a little village—mostly Santals—away off from the traveled road, across rice fields, through pastures, past jungles, and reached only by a cart track from which other tracks branch, leading to other villages similarly situated, and it is only an expert who can follow just the track that leads just to the village he wants, as we learned to our cost when on our way here in the night we found ourselves on the wrong side of a jungle and had to be bumped over stones and ridges to get back to the right track.

We were coming here to Quarterly Meeting and our procession was made up of Mr. Wyman in his native bullock cart, Dr. Kennan in his, with a dog, two puppies and a pair of buffaloes along; my cart with myself and two native Christian women going as delegates, and two other delegates coming along with us and getting "lifts" on one or the other of the carts, occasionally. We had sent our carts ahead from Midnapore to cross the river and get over to Kharagpur, while we went by train to there, and started on our cart journey about four in the afternoon (Thursday) reaching here a little after sunrise the next morning—twenty-two or three miles—having made one stop at a bungalow, before leaving the traveled road to have our evening meal and allow the drivers to cook and eat their rice and so fortify themselves for their all night's journey. It was bright moonlight and we jogged on slowly, each trying to get as much sleep as possible tho' we were rather a tight fit in our cart for there's not much room left when three people and their bundles spread themselves out in a six by three space. As we were skirting a jungle one of the men called out, "There's a bear!" and looking out, sure enough there was a big fellow lumbering along who had evidently crossed our path a little ahead and was moving away from us. The Sahibs roused up, took their guns and followed after him, while we halted to see if we were likely to have a taste of bear meat to help out in our Quarterly Meeting fare. They disappeared, and shortly after we heard the report of a gun, but they returned empty handed and we settled down to sleep again. The next arousal was a lurch into a mudhole and such a determination to stay there, on a perilous slant, that we scrambled out and walked on, leaving the drivers to combine their strength and lungs in extricating the wheel, which they soon did and we were back to try for another nap. Then the door to my cart, which had shown a tendency to slip off and down and had had to be righted several times, at last did that very thing and I heard the wheel crunch over its frame and cane and shouted, "It's gone this time," but concluded to lie still and let the driver look after the remains. Shortly after, came the losing of our way and getting back to the right road, from which place we came on without incident till daylight.

We could see Ulda some time before arriving here, looking across the fields and by skirting them for some distance we could have a consid-



TRAVELLING WAGONS.
NATIVE BULLOCK CARTS

erably smooth road, but the journey had already been long so it was decided to make a short cut across the fields and ridges, but came to an exceedingly high ridge of newly thrown up earth from which I was turning back when the Sahibs' moral suasion induced the women who were making the ridge, to cut tracks through, for my low-wheeled cart which could not well follow the higher two-wheeled native carts of the Sahibs. This passed, and a high-banked creek crossed, we were actually here, but not in time for a "sunrise prayer meeting" which was to begin the Quarterly Meeting according to the program. We found several delegates had arrived—enough to begin the forenoon session, but not much was done beside an opening prayer-meeting and having the records read. Dr. Kennan brought his cook along and he has prepared our food in a most primitive way. A cloth spread on a mat on the veranda, near his cooking place, has served as our table where we have sat, native fashion, and made the best of it. We brought dishes, knives, forks, etc., so have retained something of civilization.

The chapel is a mud-walled house with a floor and south veranda of the same material and a roof of straw. The windows are square holes left in the walls into which a wooden grating and frame have been inserted. It is rejoicing in a new table and one chair which constitute the furnishings—no seats whatever. Mats have been brought in at the time of the meetings and again returned to the house where the delegates were housed and fed. The Sahibs have occupied one end of the chapel for their sleeping room, while I have occupied my cart which was drawn into the shade of a large peepul tree farther down the village street.

The most of the delegates arrived by Friday noon, but the party from Midnapore reported one of their number as having given out by the way and two men went back to get him. They found him with fever at the house of a Hindu who had found him under a tree by the roadside and kindly taken him in and cared for him—a striking proof of the change of feeling toward Christians that has taken place. He had to be brought in, in a native cart, and has been very ill ever since, and how to get him home has been an anxious question. We decided yesterday to send him home in my cart, which is comparatively easy (having springs and four wheels) and accordingly they started for Midnapore last night after the evening meeting was over and the good-byes said: so now I am here waiting for a native cart to come for me and my traveling companions, one of whom has been having fever and chills during the meeting. The Sahibs have gone on to a new settlement, about six miles from here, where a new church is to be organized. The dog, the puppies and the buffaloes are to become a part of that community. There are only six families in the Christian community here and a most unfortunate disruption has separated two of those from the others for some time, so there are but four (or were but four) to join in entertaining the Q. M. Two of these homes were very small, so the other two—occupied by brothers,

one the pastor of the church, and close together—served as hotels for the twenty or so delegates, and they have had a jolly time.

From the first of our coming together the disruption was made a subject of prayer and the two disaffected brothers were visited and urged to give up their grievances and join us. Not much effect was apparent till Saturday evening, when one of them came to meeting, and on Sunday morning they were both there and the prayer meeting, which was supposed to precede the sermon, lengthened so as to take all the time. It was a melting season and time of rejoicing, for there were confessions and asking of pardon, tears and prayers and songs mingled. It was a victory, and when we dispersed after Communion, these brothers joined the delegates and the village Christians in their noon meal, and in the afternoon joined the whole party who went out as a singing band through the village to preach and sing the Gospel to those who would not come to the chapel.

My cart under the tree has been as much an object of curiosity to the villagers as a fine automobile in a country village at home would be, and I've had several sings and talks with those who gathered round; in fact, have made friends with several of the villagers, and this forenoon when they found my cart was gone but I was still here, they came to the chapel (where I have taken up my abode since the Sahibs left) and said they wanted to hear more, so I had them come in and sit down, and sang for them and explained and read extracts from the Bible and answered their questions as best I could.

I've had my morning meal today at the pastor's, for my supply of food is running low and there's the journey home to think of, and they were glad to have me join them. It consisted of rice with a split-pea soup and a chicken stew, the latter so spiced as to form a curry. The only dishes connected with the meal were the glass from which I drank water, and the spoon which I brought from my own lunch basket. The rice was on a plate made of leaves pinned together and the soup (thickened) and stew were in leaves pinned together in such a way as to make receptacles, and all served on the floor, but it was very nice and palatable.

Midnapore, March 14.—Home again! And it does seem good to sit in a chair at table! The native cart came, in due time, but we found its proportions pitifully small, and we remembered our six by three space in my cart as roomy compared with this, into which we had to pack several bundles not used before. The sister who had been having chills and fever was convalescent, but weak, so had to lie down while the other sisters and myself doubled ourselves into as compact parcels as possible. After we were well out on the plain clouds began to roll up, thunder to rumble and lightning to play along the clouds. Night came on and the electrical display was beautiful, but we could have enjoyed it better had we been at home. However, we kept up good courage and prayed that we might be spared a wetting if possible, and after an hour or so of threatenings from all sides, the clouds scattered, the moon came out, and

we came on our way rejoicing, although we were cramped for space. We got out to the traveled road and the bungalow about two in the morning, with no adventures by the way, though our driver had brought us straight through that jungle by the side of which we saw the bear on our way to meeting. We were all glad enough to get out and assume a natural position and soon disposed ourselves to rest for the remainder of the night. But in an hour or so the sister who had been well thus far roused us with a shaking chill, soon followed by burning fever and there we were with a fever patient, a convalescent and a four by two cart in which to get to Kharagpur, six miles and a half away! I concluded to walk, which I did when daylight came and we could start on again. They overtook me and I rode a mile or so, but it was worse than walking and I was glad enough to get out again and trudge on to Mrs. Oxreider's. The fever patient was bad—almost delirious—but we got medicine there which relieved her at once, so when we arrived at the railway station she could walk to the platform very well and we got home comfortably on the train, about noon. The young man delegate who came home in my cart suffered much on the way and is threatened with pneumonia, but we are praying for his recovery. He is a Bible school student whom we could ill afford to lose.

I had thought my next *HELPER* letter would tell of our Christmas and New Year's exercises, and how the contents of that box from home helped fill the nearly five hundred bags that came, too, and which we used, or of the special meetings we have had since the first of January and their results; or of my Zenana work, to which I have been welcomed back by old pupils and to which I have welcomed the new; or of our pleasure in Dr. Ward's flying visit, though that pleasure was lessened because his stay was so short; or of the wonderful manifestations of God's presence and power in the revival reaching all over India; but the thing of the present fills our vision, so the Q. M. at Ulda, being that which has taken my thought and time just now, has filled this long letter, and other things have been crowded out.

LITTLE LIGHT BEARERS RALLY DAY

BY JULIA TURNER MITCHELL

How the birds, flowers and babies are enjoying these beautiful spring days! Aren't you getting anxious for Rally Day? I for one, am looking forward to that happy gathering of proud mothers and the animated little tots who for one afternoon in the year hold full sway in the church, parlor or wherever the reception may be held. No danger of the babies disturbing any one for they are the guests of honor and their will is law.

Have you begun to make your plans, Superintendents? If you want a good program which will be thoroughly enjoyed by children and adults,

send for our new "Mother Goose and her Family as Mission Workers" and hear what Boy Blue, Miss Muffet and the rest of them are doing in the 20th century. The children can learn the parts at home and you can make it as elaborate or as simple, as long or as short, as you please. My Assistant Superintendent will have charge of the program at our Rally. If your Cradle Roll wasn't very active last year, revive it with a rousing Rally, inviting all the little ones, whether members or not, and then get them enrolled that day, if possible. If you have never had a Cradle Roll party in your church, then you don't know what a delightful time



CRADLE ROLL, MANCHESTER, N. H.

you are missing, for it can be made one of the most charming events of the year. Send for "Suggestions for Little Light Bearers' Day," and try it.

Your secretary appreciates the good news sent in by superintendents. Our Maine Secretary, Mrs. H. Lockhart, reports a new roll at Rochester, N. H. There is a new roll of ten members at Robinson, Me., and the one at Mars Hill has been revived. Mrs. Ruth Jones is the Superintendent of the Aroostook, Me., Q. M. and is a faithful worker. She has a large roll in her own church and wishes that prospective Superintendents could understand that the work is not so hard as they imagine.

CRADLE ROLL INTERESTS.

The following letters give us new insight into the work supported by our Cradle Roll and we trust that they may be an incentive for increased offerings at our coming Rallies. The Advanced Light Bearers will be especially interested in Miss Dawson's letter and I hope they will all hear it read.

Harper's Ferry, W. Va., March 22, 1906.

Please accept my many thanks for your kindness, and interest in me and my work; I appreciate it all very much. I am sure you would be delighted to see our girls in the sewing room, at work on their hand models, for they are deeply interested in this form of work. We emphasize this kind of sewing because it makes them careful and painstaking and therefore more self-reliant. So if the time should come when they shall not have a machine, as the future home makers they will be able to keep themselves and those dependent upon them neat and comfortable at smallest cost. The children in many homes must go slovenly and poorly clad because the mothers of these homes are unable to use the needle with some degree of skill. Then many of our girls come from families where the simplest training of well regulated homes has been neglected; as they return they will be able to carry something of comfort and instruction to their younger sisters, which they did not have themselves. This is the blessing that we hope our work is giving to the present and will give to the future. All our efforts are to teach them to be helpful to themselves and dutiful to those to whom they are bound to bring comfort and happiness.

Thanking you again for your kindness, I am sincerely your,

LIZZIE SIMS.

Sinclair Orphanage, Balasore, India, Feb. 2, 1906.

I have some very encouraging news, which I hasten to send you, being fully assured it will be a great help and encouragement in the new work. As you know, the Cradle Roll children support four children in Sinclair Orphanage. One of them, Bijou, has been converted and three Sundays ago was baptised, together with several other girls from the Orphanage. When examined by the committee she was very clear and definite in her answers; one answer especially comes to my mind. When asked how she knew she had received salvation, she replied, "Because my mind is changed. Before, I used to often take fruit and vegetables from the garden when no one was looking, but now when Satan tempts me, I pray that I may not yield. One day I saw a beautiful ripe tomato and felt so tempted to take it, but something in my heart said, 'Run away, run away, Satan is in that tomato, and,'" she continued with a look of triumph in her face, "I did."

I tell you this because I think some of the children may be interested to hear it. Children in India are the same as those in America; have the same little temptations and trials.

Since her conversion, Bijou has been trying very hard to follow Jesus and serve Him. Several times she has stood up in church and given her testimony. Please ask the children to pray for her very especially that she may be kept, and daily grow in grace.

Subodbala, another child who is supported by the Cradle Roll, has asked for baptism, but we felt she had better wait a little while longer. These things are a great encouragement to us in the work, for that is why we are here, that the Lord may use us to their salvation, and I am sure you and the children who have helped by prayer will be blessed in it, too.

With Christian regards, yours very sincerely,

M. E. DAWSON.

"ONE MORE BOND"

(See "Open Letter from our Cradle Roll Secretary" in February HELPER)

BY T.

It was John and Mary Alden's first baby and they were alone with it for the first time since it came, four weeks before.

"I would be glad to stay longer, you know, Mary," Mrs. Percival val, Mary's mother, had said on bidding her daughter good-bye, "but I've got to go sometime and I think this will be as good a time as any. John always comes home early Saturday and he will help you get this fellow to bed, and tomorrow he will be here with you all day and by Monday you will be so wonted to getting along alone you will never think of needing anybody." Then she had looked the young gentleman all over again to make sure she was leaving him all right, given a few more injunctions as to what was and what was not to be done with him, and gone out to board the trolley car that connected the village where John and Mary lived with the city.

John came in a few minutes later. Mary was sitting before the fire with the baby on her lap. As long as his mother-in-law had been there to watch him and instruct him John had shown no great desire to make any very intimate acquaintance with this son of his, but tonight, alone with his wife, his child's mother, it was different, and he took the baby from her and gathered it, awkwardly it is true, but tenderly and affectionately in his own arms. "See, he likes it," he said, as the little head nestled into the curve of his arm and the eyelids closed contentedly.

"Of course he does," assented Mary, readily, smiling at her husband as she tried to arrange the small garments in more artistic folds, "and now, seeing you are getting on so well, I will leave you two together and go and get supper."

They ate their supper with the baby in an armchair between them and when the meal was over they went to work to get him ready for the night. It took a long time—they had never done it before, and His Baby-

ship fully appreciated the fact that he was in hands that were more accustomed to other things than manipulating a mite of his size—but at last the task was done and a tired baby slept peacefully in his basket while a fond parent watched on either side.

It took a longer time to dress him Sunday morning than it had taken to undress him the night before and the church bells were ringing for the last time when at last breakfast over and the baby put to sleep again, Mary sat down to watch beside his basket. She did not say anything but there was an anxious look on her face and her eyes followed her husband. Her face lighted when he drew his chair to the other side of the basket. "Oh, I'm so glad you're going to stay with us," she whispered.

"Going to stay," he repeated, clasping her hand across their child's bed, "Why, Mary, I never thought of doing anything else and," he looked into her face, "you know you never thought I would, either. Didn't we say in the beginning we were going to do things together? We went to church together. Now we're going to stay together, together—with—our—baby." The last four words came slowly. He had never said them before but he evidently liked the sound of them for he repeated them a second time, and Mary, with her eyes on the basket but her hand still in her husband's, repeated them after him.

It was a long, happy day they spent with each other and their baby, and when John went out to his work Monday morning he said as he kissed Mary good-bye, "Wife, a day like yesterday is worth living and working for. If I can I am going to be worthy of you and that baby."

The winter months slipped happily by. As spring came on John noticed at times, and especially on Sunday mornings, that his wife looked troubled and one Sunday when they were sitting together in their little parlor with the baby sleeping in his basket between them, he spoke of it to her. "There's something troubling you, Mary," he said. "I can't imagine what it can be. It seems as if we had everything, as if God had given us everything we could ask for."

Mary raised her eyes quickly. "He has, John," she answered, "everything."

"Then what is it? I know there's something."

"Well," it was always hard for Mary to tell things and it required considerable encouragement from her husband before she succeeded in saying, "Well, John, it's just here, God has given us everything and—and—John,"

"Yes, Mary."

"Well, John, we aren't giving him a thing."

"Why, Mary," exclaimed her husband, "what can you mean? Don't I send in my contribution every week for the church, and my Sunday school money, too? And don't you send your mission dues?"

"Oh, I know that," Mary was growing impatient. "But, John, can't you understand? I mean something that would really be for God. We don't go to church nor prayer meeting nor Sunday school, nor do any-

thing that puts us out at all, and we don't do a thing to help anybody be a Christian nor to help on God's work in any way. Of course I had to give up things and stay at home with him and I did like to have you stay with me but I don't feel right about it. I don't like to feel that this baby that God gave us is drawing us away from God. He ought to be bringing us nearer to Him. I can't express it very well but, John, can't you understand?"

John was slow in answering but it was because it took him a few moments to get control of his voice. "Yes, Mary, yes," he said, and there was a touch of reverence on his face and in his tone, "yes, I understand. But, Mary, I can't tell you about anything of this kind. You are away ahead of me in these matters. But I'd like to help you in some way, for I do know that you are the best wife a man ever—"

A lusty shout from the basket cut off any further demonstration and the subject was not broached again that day. A couple of nights later when John came home from his work he said to Mary, "The minister was in the store today and I got to talking with him and I told him about what you were saying Sunday and he said he'd talk it over with his wife."

Mary made no answer at this time. Perhaps it was because the baby was claiming all her attention, but a week afterwards her husband came home and found her jubilant. "Oh, John," she exclaimed rushing to meet him and tossing the baby into his arms, "He's going to do it after all."

"Who?" inquired John, trying to make himself heard above the shouts of his son, who was objecting vociferously to being used as a ball. "Do what?"

"Who?" repeated Mary, "Why, our baby of course, and he's going to help us do something—why, John," she lowered her voice and her face went down onto his coat sleeve, "don't you know?—like I was telling you the other Sunday."

John would have liked to take his wife in his arms but the shouting youngster on the other side would permit nothing of that sort but he lifted her face as well as he could under the circumstances and looking into her eyes, said: "Yes, Mary, I know. Now, tell me all about it."

"Why, he's going to be a Cradle Roll baby. The minister's wife is going to start one here and he gave her the idea, just think, John, our baby, and it's to do something to help the poor little heathen babies in India who don't have any good homes or anybody to tell them about God and Jesus and such things, you know, and of course we'll have to do most of it now because he can't do much himself yet—"

"Except howl," remarked John, holding the child out at arm's length and looking at him.

"And try his father's patience," added Mary, taking the little fury back to her own arms where he speedily changed into a smiling cherub. "Well, you see, John, how it will be," she continued, as he followed her

into the dining room where the supper was waiting. "We will be studying and planning about all these things so as to teach him and we will be getting interested ourselves and when other babies join it will be the same with their folks and it will bring them into church work or Christian work. That's what the minister's wife called it—she says going to church is only a part of it, and so you see, John, he really is going to help and not hinder at all, and, oh, John, I'm so glad, aren't you?"

Boston, Mass.

THE FUTURE OF THE FREEDMAN

BY MRS. BELLE G. PRESCOTT

A little negro slave boy on a southern plantation, one single garment, a coarse flaxen shirt, his only covering; he had never slept in a bed—not he; who his father was he never knew, nor his own age. He once went as far as the schoolhouse door with his little mistress, to carry her books, and had the feeling that "to get into a schoolhouse and study would be about the same as getting into Paradise."

After the Emancipation Proclamation,—a boy ten or twelve years of age, working in the salt mines of West Virginia, but with an intense longing for an education; a little later attending a night school. Again we see him on his way to Hampton Institute, (a school for colored people), a distance of five hundred miles, with scarcely any money to buy clothing or pay his fare; sometimes walking and sometimes begging rides, sleeping under the sidewalk or in any shelter he might find, to save his money; reaching Hampton, at last, with just twenty-five cents in his pocket and looking like a worthless tramp.

Later we see him as a student, doing janitor work to help pay his way. Here, for the first time, he ate from a table cloth, learned the use of napkins, tooth brush and the bath, also of sheets; the first night he slept *under* them both, and the next night *on top* of both. At length, graduating with honor, he becomes a teacher; is called back to deliver a Post Graduate address, is tendered a reception in Richmond at which two thousand colored people were present, in a hall not far from the place where he slept under the sidewalk. Beloved and respected by both white and black is Booker T. Washington, president of Tuskegee Institute.

Not every *white* boy, who, eight months out of every twelve, is carefully taught in our public schools, will become a Roosevelt, no more

can we expect every *colored* boy to become a Booker Washington; nevertheless, we do believe there are better days in store for the colored people of America. "After generations of slavery with all its degrading influences, and, before that, generations of darkest heathenism," the odds are against them at the outset, but already the influence of our schools for the colored people of the south is being felt, and Hampton, Tuskegee and Storer, with many others, are sending out men and women who shall be leaders of their race.

In the early days of freedom their highest ambition was to live "like ole marssa," without work; they were anxious for an education because they thought it meant an easy time, free from all necessity for manual labor. They wanted a good, easy job like the "old colored man in Alabama, who, one hot day in July while he was at his work in a cotton field, suddenly stopped, and looking toward the sky, said, "O Lawd, de cotton am so grassy, de work am so hard, and de sun am so hot dat I b'lieve dis darky am called to preach." As they came in contact with the people from the North they were surprised to see educated and cultured people working; it was a revelation to them; heretofore, "they had looked upon labor as a badge of degradation." To overcome this false idea the department of manual training was found to be a most important auxiliary to the freedmen's schools; here they learn the dignity instead of disgrace of labor; they become masters of some trade or industry, and go back to show their people how to put new energy and new ideas into their work. Not the least of their accomplishments they are taught personal cleanliness and how to care for their bodies, together with purity of life and conduct, which can not fail to uplift the individual and the race.

Their future is *our* future; they have become a part of the national fabric in which each figure beautifies or mars. The unsightly blemish in which they were the unwilling and helpless victims, has been cleansed away in the blood of men both brave and good. Who shall say, in the economy of God's great plan, that this same people may not yet weave in some fair design to brighten and even glorify our nation's history. To help make this vision a reality is, and shall be *your* work and *mine*, and God who heard the cry of the poor slave, will surely honor the simple faith of the freedman. The Shepherd who left the ninety and nine to seek for the one lost lamb, will not forget this humble race, and we his people will help to bring them in.

"De massa ob de sheepfol'
 Dat guard de sheepfol' bin
 Look out in de gloomerin' meadows
 Whar de long night rain begin,
 An' he call to de hirelin' shepa'd,
 'Is my sheep, is dey all come in?'
 Oh! den says de hirelin' shepa'd,
 'Dar's some, dey's black an' thin,
 An' some, dey's po' ol' wedda's
 But de res', dey's all brung in,
 But de res', dey's all brung in.
 Den de massa ob de sheepfol'
 Dat guard de sheepfol' bin

Saco, Maine.

Goes down in de gloomerin' meadows,
 Whar de long night rain begin,
 So he le' down de ba's ob de sheepfol',
 Callin' sof', 'Come in! Come in!'
 Callin' sof', 'Come in! Come in!'
 Den up t'ro de gloomerin' meadows,
 T'ro de col' night rain an' win',
 And up t'ro de gloomerin' rain paf
 Whar de sleet fa's piercin' thin,
 De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol'
 Dey all comes gadderin' in
 De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol'
 Dey all comes gadderin' in."

In Memoriam

"Our world had need of her, yet God enrolled
 His larger plan, and without word or stir,
 Answering glad the voice that cannot err,
 She passed into the silence and His fold.

"Father, Thy will be done. All things are good
 Thou sendest us, although we think them ill;
 And what seems ill, Thy plan misunderstood.
 We know she walks in brighter happier ways
 To-day than yesterday, so give Thee praise
 And smile through tears that mourn our dear one still."

Helen M. Phillips, M. D., Santipore, India, March 7, 1906.

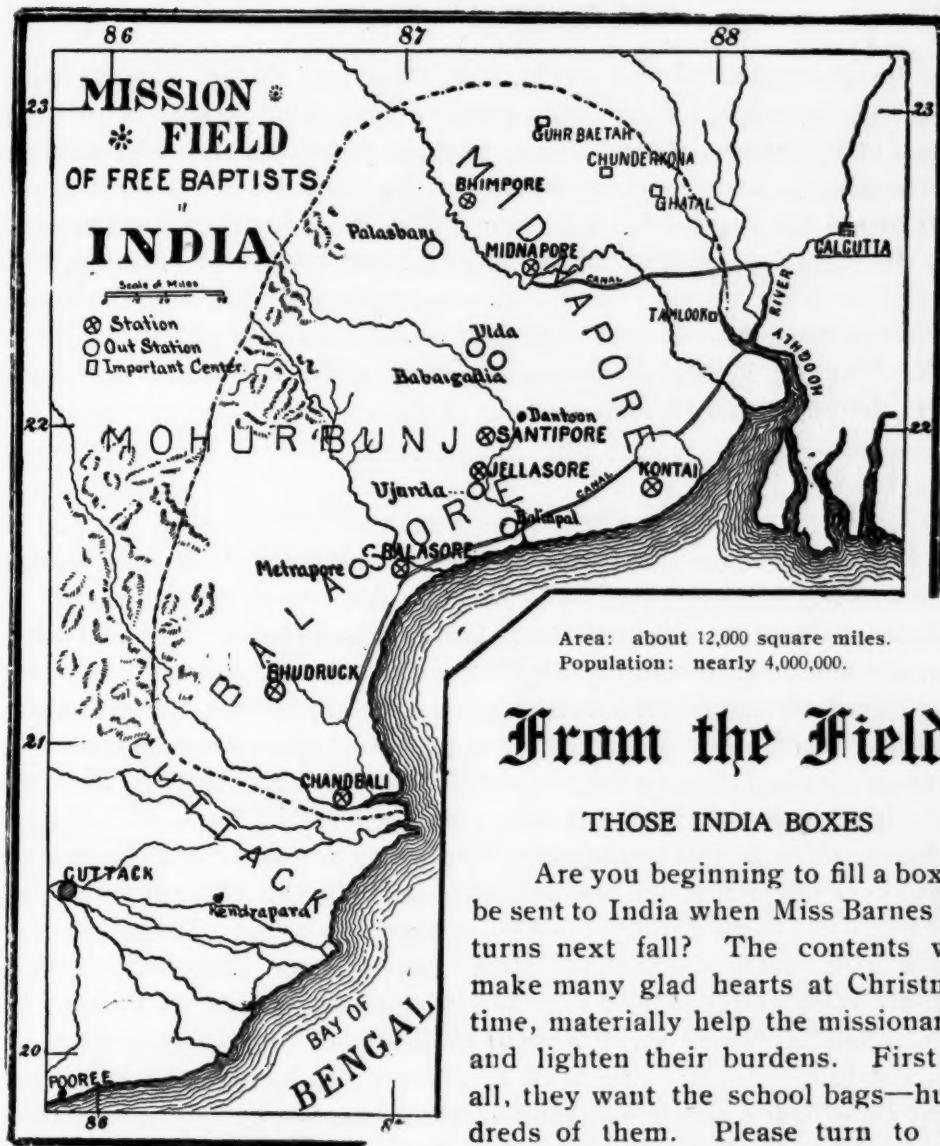
Mrs. Mary J. Copp, Somerville, Mass., February 4, 1906.

Mrs. Eliza Manchester Alverson, Olneyville, R. I., April 3, 1906.

Mrs. Clara A. Smith, (Park Street Auxiliary) Providence, R. I., April, 1906.

NOTE.—When a member of an auxiliary passes on, it is fitting that her name, place of residence, and date of death should appear under "In Memoriam." Resolutions and obituaries are not printed in the *HELPER*.

The good thoughts, the good deeds, in good memories, of those who have been the salt and light of the earth, do not perish with their departure—they live on still; and those who have wrought them live in them.—*Dean Stanley.*



From the Field

THOSE INDIA BOXES

Are you beginning to fill a box to be sent to India when Miss Barnes returns next fall? The contents will make many glad hearts at Christmas time, materially help the missionaries and lighten their burdens. First of all, they want the school bags—hundreds of them. Please turn to the May 1905 *HELPER* and *see* just how

they are made. Each is a square piece of bright calico—the brighter the better. Miss Barnes says that 15 or 16 inches square is better than 18. Two sides are hemmed, each of the remaining sides doubled together and seamed, and a tape about 15 inches long is sewed to the point. Scrap books are desirable made of bright colored cambric with pinked covers and eight inner leaves on which bright pictures are pasted. Small dolls, with black hair and china heads—no “real” hair nor movable eyes—dressed simply but brightly. Lead pencils, small foot rules, little

note books, bright picture cards, tiny thimbles, thread, needles with small bags to put them in (bags about 5 by 4 inches, with a drawing string) bone buttons, pieces of print to make waists for the older girls in the Orphanage, and ready made Mother Hubbard dresses for little ones from two to ten years old. All these things are very useful and we are sure that many auxiliaries, individuals, Young People and Juniors will be glad to help provide them. Please remember that fifty cents per cubic foot must be sent to the treasurer, Miss L. A. DeMeritte, Ocean Park, Me., for freight on boxes to India. We will announce, later, where the boxes can be sent.

LETTER FROM MRS. COLDREN

DEAR HELPER:—I wish to tell you something of our cold season work. Early in December, while Mr. Coldren was away on business in Calcutta, I went to our little out station, Chasikhand. He had been there the week before and left the tent and the furniture, so one cart was enough to take around the extra things I would need. I went out on Tuesday, reaching there about 5 p. m., and met some of our people that evening. Debraj Singha and wife Ella are the workers there, besides our colporter, Bancha, and his wife who goes with Ella to the villages. In the morning I went to the house of the others and invited the women to a prayer meeting in the tent at 2 o'clock. All the women of the village came and some children. We had a good meeting. There are only two women converts who have joined the church. Two of the others prayed. One, especially, I was much surprised, as well as pleased, to hear. She has been a great opposer of the work here. Her oldest son was the first convert. She tried to prevent his baptism by making a great disturbance and threatening to throw herself in the river, but he could not be moved from his purpose to do what he thought his duty. For several years after that she opposed the work. It was thought that she set fire to the preacher's house that was burned down in the night, some years ago. Providentially, the family were saved with all their things. Five or six years ago her husband was converted and baptized. Now it seems that he has quietly won her over to the Lord's side. Another of their sons was baptized a year ago and another is a candidate for baptism.

After the little prayer meeting, Ella, Bancha's wife, and I went to

some of the Hindu villages for Bible work. The women seemed glad to see us and listened well. The next afternoon, after prayer in the tent with the Bible women, we went to other villages. These villages are small and not far apart. That evening, on our return, we found that Mr. Coldren had come. We worked there till Saturday when we returned to Chandbali on our bikes.

I had a good deal to do helping get ready for Christmas for our many S. S. children, over 300. Mr. Coldren went to Allahabad for the All India, Burma and Ceylon C. E. Convention, the week before. One of our preachers went, also, and at his own expense which took nearly two months pay. Then, New Year's day, Mr. Coldren, with some of our Chandbali workers, went to Chasikhand to give the S. S. there a treat, in place of Christmas.

The next day we started out in our boat to work among the villages up the river. We took our tent and magic lantern. We set up the tent at a place close to several villages. There we had a good work, many people coming out at night to see the pictures and hear the preaching. Many women came also. During the day we held meetings, of course very informal ones, in the tent. There are two schools out among those villages, the children from which attend our S. S. in Chandbali. We had two or three interesting meetings with these children. They recited the catechism and sang hymns. Mr. Coldren and some of our workers talked to them. There are some very interesting children there. Pray for them, dear friends, that many of them may early learn to know the Lord and become faithful children of His. While at this place we had our Bible woman, Ludia, from Chandbali with us for two days to work among the women.

Gebon Hodson, son of our native pastor, was converted a short time ago. He wanted to go with us for country work, so went for one trip of nearly two weeks and did faithful, earnest work, preaching among the villages. He had fever after returning, so could not come out with us on this trip. We went up the river some 15 or 16 miles to a large darriman's village. There we had our tent up for meetings and had a good work, many people were much impressed with the truth. We trust that some may be converted as a result of the work there. Some of our workers went from there to Jaypore where there is a Christian family from Santipore, the wife is a teacher in the girl's school. We sent them some things as Christmas presents though it was rather late. They were

delighted with the visit of our preachers who found the family in very hard circumstances in that bigoted Hindu city, with no christian neighbors, and only the wife's salary of \$2.33 a month for six of them to live on. The husband had been ill. He was getting better, but had had no steady work for the past eight months. The Sub-Inspector of Schools was trying to get him a place but had not yet succeeded. Since we returned our Christian people have bought them more clothing and yesterday we sent that, with some things of Mr. Coldren's, by post to them. One of our steamer captains, on learning of the distress of this family, gave money to send to them. Also our people have written to the friends and relatives letting them know of their needs.

Today, the 23rd of January; we have come down the river eight or nine miles, and some distance up a large creek, near to a village where a man lives who was converted two or three weeks ago. He and others will probably be baptized next covenant meeting time. He and his wife are to come to the boat to-morrow for morning prayer meeting. Dear friends, pray for these poor people that these converts may prove true and faithful and that many more may have the courage to break away from caste and follow the Lord Jesus, as many of them know they ought to do. We praise the Lord for the wonderful things He is doing in many parts of India. May He send the revival here, also. Dear friends at home, pray for us all.

EMMA L. COLDREN.

Chandbali, India.

TREASURER'S NOTES

This is a good day to begin my "Treasurer's Notes" as it is impossible for the outside world to intrude upon the quiet of Ocean Park, the stillness is not even broken, at this hour, by trains. Though it is now the 20th day of March, there has been within twenty-four hours, the heaviest fall of snow of the season. What have I been thinking in the quiet? I have been thinking of our need, as a Society, of Heavenly Wisdom to guide us in dealing with the difficult problems that beset our path, just now. Our future relations with general conference and its relations with other denominations, are hanging in the balance.

I do not feel afraid, because I know God reigns, and He will work out his purposes, some way, in establishing the Kingdom of Righteousness in the earth. But the more Divine Wisdom we have, as a body of women, the greater part this Society will play in accomplishing this result. While I am aware that our future as individuals is not dependent

upon the fate of the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society, yet, I confess that I do have a very strong desire, that this Society may be accounted worthy of living and serving for long years to come, in any way the Father may direct. And whether it is or not, will depend, I believe, not on what becomes of the Free Baptist denomination, as such, but upon the consecration of its membership to the will of God in this particular part of His work, which He has so unmistakably blessed in the past. Oh, may we so earnestly, so confidently, commit our ways to Him that He can work out His will with us.

The Huntley, Minnesota, F. B. W. M. S. has recently sent \$6.65 directly to Storer College for furnishing rooms. I have already received and credited quite a sum for the same purpose. Just here I wish to call attention to the fact that the money contributed for these rooms is a special, for it does not help in payment of our yearly appropriations. So it is hoped the gifts for this object will be in addition to the regular contributions. Thank Offerings should not be used for furnishing these rooms, as we are dependent on Thank Offerings for the yearly appropriations.

At the time of writing these notes, money is coming into the treasury very slowly; indeed, our receipts to date are behind the receipts to the same time last year. Shall not this fact stimulate our workers to have Thank Offerings held in every auxiliary, and in as many churches, without auxiliaries, as possible? I make this appeal, earnestly and prayerfully, to our State, quarterly meeting, association, conference and local societies; and also, to our friends everywhere. Make these services as interesting and as spiritually helpful as possible; invite everybody, giving each the invitation, envelope, and personal letter, all of which can be procured of Miss Edyth R. Porter, 45 Andover St., Peabody, Mass., and which are furnished freely. I am sending the letter to many friends of the Society who live in places where there are no auxiliaries. I wish others would do this kind of work, as no doubt many of us have friends who would gladly make an offering if they were invited, and this letter makes it easy for us to do it. Will we not, too, remember the Thank Offering month daily, in the Quiet Hour, asking that hearts may be moved to make willing offerings unto the Lord, for the work of the F. B. W. M. S.?

The third quarter closes May 31. I hope all offerings, with membership fees, Cradle Roll and Junior money, will be promptly forwarded, through the proper channels, to the general treasurer. Shall we not have, during May, a blizzard of money orders, deeds and registered letters! I am sure your treasurer can take care of all that comes to her, with a smiling face, too, and a glad and thankful heart. *Try it.*

LAURA A. DEMERITTE, *Treasurer.*

Ocean Park, Me.

(All money orders should be made payable at Dover, N. H.)

Helps for Monthly Meetings

"With knowledge to supply the fuel, the Word and Spirit to add the spark, and prayer to fan the flame, missionary fires will be kindled, and souls will be set ablaze with holy zeal."



TOPICS FOR 1905-1906

October—Roll-call and Membership.
November—Outline Study of Africa:
 1. The Dark Continent.
December— 2. The Nile Country.
January— 3. West Africa.
February—Prayer and Praise.
March—Free Baptist Home Missions.
April— 4. East Africa.
May—Thank-Offering.
June— 5. Congo State and Central Africa.
July— 6. South Africa.
August—Missionary Field Day.
September—Free Baptist Foreign Missions.

JUNE—Congo State and Central Africa

(Christus Liberator, Chapter V.)

Suggestive Program

"Only God can explain the miracle of resurrection in an African soul; the joy where there has been such misery; the innocence where there has been such vice; the native youth where there has been such age-old iniquity; the immediate access to God where there has been such estrangement."—Missionary to West Africa.

OPENING EXERCISES—

Africa in the Bible:

Let some member, instead of the regular Scripture lesson, devote a few moments to recalling the part that Africa has had in our Bible history, remembering that Libya, Cyrene, Ethiopia and Seba referred to places in Africa. Egypt has been connected with several very important events.

Recall Joseph and his career in Egypt. In his exalted position among those idolatrous people, Joseph doubtless exerted a strong influence for his one true God.

The bondage of the Israelites, the life of Moses and their deliverance, again must have strongly impressed the Egyptians.

Solomon wedded a daughter of Pharaoh, king of Egypt (1 Kings 3:1), and she doubtless was among those who turned Solomon's heart to idolatry.

Recall that it was an Ethiopian who rescued the prophet Jeremiah from the dungeon (Jer. 38: 7-14). Note, also, the reward of Ebed-melech (Jer. 39: 15-18).

During the long, dark captivity many of the Jews took refuge in Northern Africa. Mary and Joseph also fled into Egypt with the child Jesus (Matt. 2: 13:16).

An African, Simon, a man of Cyrene, bore the cross for Jesus. (Matt. 27: 32).

Acts 2: 10, says that men from Egypt, from parts of Libya, about Cyrene, were present at the outpouring of the Spirit on the day of Pentecost.

Refer briefly to the beautiful story of Philip and the conversion of the African eunuch, who was treasurer of the Queen of Ethiopia (recorded in Acts 8: 26-40). Note that the African went to Jerusalem to worship and, hence, must have possessed some knowledge of the Jewish religion.—The Missionary Messenger.

PRAYER.

The Lesson.—Brief review of Chapter five by several members, to whom special topics have been previously assigned, using the map and pictures. Followed by a quiz of twelve questions on the most important points to be remembered.

Paper.—"Present conditions in the Congo Free State." (Leaflets bearing upon this subject can be obtained by sending postage with request to the Congo Reform Association, Room 710, Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass.)

DISCUSSION.

A glimpse of our own Mission station in Africa. (Locate Fortsville, Grand Bassa, Liberia, West Africa, on map. Name the missionaries there, and give a sketch of the life of Rev. Lewis P. Clinton. See program in Junior department, this number, for notes and suggestions. Refer to files of *The Morning Star and to the Year Book*.

Prayer for this new work and for our workers in Africa.

SIDE LIGHTS. Articles in *The Missionary Review of the World*; "Glimpses of African Souls," January; "Unoccupied Mission Fields in Africa," March; "Women of the Upper Congo," April. A booklet on "Africa" contains a very helpful series of questions and answers on the country, people, conditions of women, etc. Send five cents to Mrs. Chapman for it.

THE MISSIONARY HELPER BRANCH
OF THE
International Sunshine Society

Have you had a kindness shown?
Pass it on.
'Twas not given for you alone—
Pass it on.

Let it travel down the years,
Let it wipe another's tears,
Till in heaven the deed appears,
Pass it on.

ALL letters, packages, or inquiries concerning this page, or Sunshine work, should be addressed to Mrs. Rivington D. Lord, 593 Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., president of this branch.



Mrs. A. T. White of North Dakota reports writing sunshine letters, silk pieces given to a shut-in, helped care for the sick on several occasions and stamps for our Branch work.

Mrs. May Kemp has offered to make a quilt for our Blind Babies Home, and is cheering many with letters of good cheer.

A member in Providence, R. I., sent what she called a trifle. We return thanks and the reply that "the trifle" carried sunshine to five other members.

Mrs. J. B. Jordan has offered us a large quantity of Yeast Cake labels which can be exchanged for the panel pictures, these to be given to brighten homes that have need of sunshine. Other members may be glad to send in their labels.

Fifty cents in stamps from "a Portland member" who remembers us often with her helpful gifts. This time it was for Easter greetings.

Mrs. Julia Traver and Mrs. Harriet Jenkins cheered many with beautiful Easter cards. Miss A. A. Garland gave a large number of leaflets, cards, and fancy ribbon book-marks. Miss E. J. Small, Easter cards stamped for mailing. Miss Bessie M. Blood a package of scripture cards.

Celeste Thomas of California made a pretty scrap book, which has been given to the Sunshine Day Nursery in Brooklyn. Thus the bright rays reflect across the country by one little girl's thoughtfulness.

Another junior, Russell Leavitt, reports that he is trying to do a little sunshine work every day. Miss Minnie Stevens sent in a "mite" to be used in our work. Mrs. Grace M. Wellington sent ten cents for an I. S. S. pin, and offered to write sunshine letters.

Mrs. E. B. Deland reports many good cheer deeds, gave twenty cents in stamps, and sent in the name of a friend, Mrs. Lura E. Bolton of Maine, for enrollment; initiation dues, a package of fancy silks. Mrs. E. A. Libbey of R. I. has given as initiation dues one dollar, a number of stamps, and the offer to cheer others in numerous ways.

Mrs. C. N. Brown is passing on the "Mother's Magazine" and sent in the name of Mrs. Grace Rockwell of Massachusetts for enrollment.

Through friends we learn that Mrs. Lizzie Bradbury of North Berwick, Maine, and Miss Callie M. Weeks of East Parsonsfield, Maine, are making collections of souvenir post cards. Both are shut-in and can be cheered in this way.

Practical Christian Living

"We should not be satisfied with a religion in the *mind* of man, but should have something that we continually give vital expression to in our daily life."



OUR QUIET HOUR

(10 A. M.)

LISTEN TO WHAT HE WOULD SAY

BY MARY J. FULTZ

Cease not, Voice of holy speaking,
Teacher sent of God, be near,
Whispering through the day's cool silence,
Let my spirit hear!

—Whittier.

And when God saw that Moses turned aside to see, He spoke unto him. (Ex. 3:4.) And He had a very important message to give him, "Go, deliver my people." God cannot talk with us when we do not turn aside from the world, from its noise and tumult, its greed for gain, its amusements, its hurry and worry.

He wants us to turn aside from these, so we can hear what He has to say; He may have an important message for us, some precious truth He would tell us, some loving word that must be heard with Him alone. "Be still, and know that I am God." He spoke to Elijah in the still small voice; to the raging tempest, "Be still," and the calm came; "Stand thou still and see the salvation of God."

Sometimes when we cannot find time to turn aside to hear what God has to say to us, we are compelled to listen from the stillness of a sick room, from the sudden stopping of cherished plans, or the removal of loved ones. When we have a message to give our loved ones, we do not proclaim it upon the house top, but in loving, quiet words or whispers. Listen in the Quiet Hour to hear what your Father would say to you, and "Whatsoever He saith unto you, do."

Turn aside and listen closely
Lest you miss a single word,
Shut the door and bid none enter
So the message can be heard.

Portland, Maine.

CHILD BIBLE STUDY

BY M. A. W. BACHELDER.

Surely, verses that teach the children the attributes of God must not be omitted. Christ said, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not for of such is the kingdom of heaven." David knew God, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits, who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases, who redeemeth thy life from destruction, who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies. As the heaven is high above the earth, so great is His mercy towards them that fear Him. Like as a father pitith his children, so the Lord pities them that fear Him. For He knoweth our frame, He remembereth that we are dust." After giving the children such a God as this, forgiving, pitying, loving, we can well teach them that their religion is a joyful one. "Because Thy loving kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee. My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness, and my mouth shall praise Thee with joyful lips. Because Thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of Thy wings will I rejoice."

The passages quoted—just a few in the great multitude of Bible riches—are so simple that with now and then the explanation of a word a young child can understand them. But a child should not be limited to this kind. With his receptive, imaginative mind he will enjoy much that he cannot fully comprehend. Those that touch the deepest experiences of the human heart, and express its relations to the Divine heart, he will enjoy just as the children enjoyed the poem of Browning, for a mind that is willingly receptive is always uplifted and inspired by contact with great truths beautifully told, even though it does not fully comprehend them. Such are the 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th chapters of John with their incomparable sympathy, with the deepest experiences of human life, their vital touch on spirituality. Such is a great sentence like, "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free," which is understood only in some great crisis in life. Sorrow, defeat, disappointment come, and in those times how like a well of water, springing up into everlasting life, are such passages as, "Let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God, believe also in Me. Peace I leave with you, not as the world giveth, give I unto you; let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid. I will not leave you comfortless. I will come to you. Fear thou not; for I am with thee; be not dismayed; for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the

right hand of my righteousness. For I, the Lord, thy God, will hold thy right hand, saying, 'Fear not; I will help thee.' The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid? God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." What riches to have passages like these suggested by every experience in life, whether it be sorrow, fear or joy. The world is full of snares for the feet of the little ones, but the child who has repeated the Lord's prayer since he could talk, who has in his mind the concise "shalt not" of the commandments, and the inspiration of Christ's words, has a wonderful help against temptation. The child not so taught is defrauded of one of his birthrights.

Let us give the word to the children as a lamp unto their feet, and a light unto their path, for as the Psalmist saith, "The entrance of Thy words giveth light; it giveth understanding unto the simple. Thy word is very pure; therefore, Thy servant loveth it. I rejoice in Thy word, as one that findeth great spoil and Christ said, "It is the spirit that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing; the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life."

Hillsdale, Mich.

A BABY LEADER

The baby was alive although its mother died. The Lushai tribes (Eastern Bengal) in such cases put the baby into a little pot and bury it alive with its dead mother. But Mr. and Mrs. Savide, of the English Baptist Mission, said that was wicked. The Lushais answered, "Wicked or not, there is nothing else to do." The missionaries tried to coax a Lushai woman to nurse the poor little thing. But the woman shuddered at the mere thought of nursing a dead woman's baby. They tried to persuade the people to feed cow's milk to it, and got for an answer a roar of laughter. Only an Englishman could invent the disgusting idea of using cow's milk for the child. Then the missionaries took to their home the little bag of skin and bones and gave it a feeding bottle full of warm milk. In due time the baby grew fat on the bottle. This was a miracle in the Lushai hills. The baby is a wonder because, although his mother is dead, he lives. More than a year has passed since his thin lips first laid hold on the bottle, and he has already taught his kinsmen of the hills a welcome lesson; for they bury babies through ignorance rather than stony heartedness. He has also become a living link between the Lushais and the missionaries. At 14 months the baby is a leader of public opinion and is doing the work of an evangelist to prepare the way of the missionary who would teach the people the love of a Heavenly Father.

Words from Home Workers

LETTER FROM MASSACHUSETTS

Dear "HELPER":—I missed you so much during the months you discontinued your calls. I suppose you could not find me after I moved, althought I *thought* I left word at your office where I was going. I have looked for you every month since last September; and wasn't I glad to meet you, the other morning, with our friend, "Letter Carrier?" I gave you a hearty grasp of the hand, brought you right in, left my work and sat with you over an hour. I was sorry to leave you *then*, for I was much interested in all you had to tell me. I can hardly realize you are twenty-nine years old. I remember your infancy very well—a promising, beautiful child, and I feel sure that during your formative and maturing periods of life you have not disappointed those who manifested so much interest in your advent. I have often wondered who named you. Whoever it may have been was wisely directed, for a more beautiful, more appropriate name could not have been chosen. You are indeed a "HELPER." You have inspired me to greater activity, and deeper love in the cause you represent. You have encouraged me in my every day life when—sometimes—I felt more like fainting than pursuing. May you go from "strength to strength" in the future as in the past, is the prayer of many hearts who watch your progress with interest, and your prosperity with gratitude to our Heavenly Father, who is the prompter and promoter of every movement that has for its object the betterment of mankind.

E. S. BABCOCK.

MAINE.—Mrs. Jennie M. Randlett has been doing some splendid work in Aroostook Co. She writes, in a personal letter, "We have been in Robinson during the winter where we found a Free Baptist church, but no Missionary Society. The pastor was anxious for something to be done in the line of mission work. The women seemed to have all they could do, but a band of young women who had recently given themselves to Christ were ready and willing to work, so we have a Young Woman's Auxiliary, organized in January. There are twelve girls, ten of whom are Christians, and they are very much interested. At the opening of our meetings we have from ten to twelve prayers. The girls would like to take a share in Miss Butts' salary, and the children in the Sunday School voted to take a share in Miss Barnes' salary. The girls all want to learn more about missionary work. We are to have a public meeting soon and are going to take pledges of as many as will give \$1.00 a year for missions. Now I must tell you about Mars Hill. There was no Missionary Society, but the pastor and the women were anxious for

me to go over, so I went and we organized a Woman's Auxiliary. I was up at their meeting yesterday and found them very enthusiastic. They want to know about our own field and what we are doing as a society. I got four subscribers for the *HELPER* and an agent appointed. Some of the girls here are going to take it. We also have a Cradle Roll with sixteen members and are going to have our Cradle Roll day before I go home. Pray for us for we need your help."

BUREAU OF MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE

The superintendent of the Bureau of Missionary Intelligence would call attention to the following facts:—A limited number of copies of "Chundra Lela" can be obtained at the low prices of 25 cents for the cloth bound and 15 cents for paper binding. *Send your orders early.*

If anyone is looking for a collection of songs suitable for missionary meetings, "Missionary Songs" can be obtained for 20 cents per copy.

The new map of our India mission field, published last year by the General Society, is a good one. The price is \$1.00. The map can be obtained of Rev. Arthur Given, Providence, R. I., or it may be ordered of the Bureau of Missionary Intelligence.

FREE SUPPLIES

Just a word about the free supplies in the Bureau of Missionary Intelligence:—

The Report Blanks.—New blanks for reports of Yearly Meeting, Quarterly Meeting or Association and local auxiliaries and for Children's Societies connected with Free Baptist churches have been printed recently; revised and up-to-date in every respect.

Receipts.—For use of treasurers of local auxiliaries.

Membership Cards.—To give to new members of auxiliaries.

Mite Boxes.—For both the auxiliaries and Junior Societies.

How to Use the Sand Map.—For use in Junior Societies.

Aids and Constitutions for Junior Missionary Societies.—For use of Junior superintendents.

How to Organize Auxiliaries.—A help in starting new auxiliaries.

Catalog.—A list of contents of Bureau.

The above supplies are free for the postage. For samples send to

MRS. A. D. CHAPMAM,

12 Prescott, St.,

Lewiston, Maine.

Juniors

THE LORD'S WORK

FOR SIX LITTLE CHILDREN

1—The Lord hath work for little HANDS, For they may do His wise commands.	4—And there are words for little EYES To make them earnest, true and wise.
2—And He marks out for little FEET A narrow pathway, straight and sweet.	5—One little VOICE may lead above, By singing songs of Jesus' love.
3—One little FACE may fill with light A heart and home as dark as night.	6—One little HEART may be the place Where God shall manifest His grace.

ALL—Our hands, our feet, our hearts we bring
To Christ, our Lord, the risen King.

—Selected

Junior Program

SUBJECT—A Visit to Banza Manteke, etc.

(“Young Explorers in Africa.” Chapter III.)

SINGING—“Onward Little Soldiers.” (Many Little Voices,” page 80.)

BIBLE READING—How shall we climb life's ladder successfully? Climb carefully (Heb. 2: 1), step by step, in the narrow way; lovingly (Luke 10: 33, 34), helping another when you can; industriously (Gal. 6: 9), doing your daily tasks cheerfully; manfully (1 Cor. 16: 13), being brave and not daunted by difficulty; becomingly (Phil. 1: 27), showing whose you are by your conduct.—*Exchange*.

PRAYER.

SINGING—“Bright Little Sunbeams.” (page 14.)

ROLL CALL—Items about Africa.

A Visit to Banza Manteke. (The Superintendent will point out the Congo river and the special places mentioned on the map; tell the main points of the opening part of chapter three of “Young Explorers,” having previously assigned questions to the Juniors about means of transportation, the first mission station, language, superstition, idea of God, convert, change of customs when the people became Christians, hunting elephants, etc.)

MARCHING SONG.

Where is *our own* mission in Africa? (Point out Bassa, Liberia.) When and how was it started?

"In 1900 Rev. Lewis P. Clinton, a native of the Bassa tribe, a graduate of Storer and Bates Colleges, returned to Liberia and opened a mission for his people near Fortsville, Bassa County, Liberia. It is about seventy-five miles east of Monrovia, and about fifty miles from the coast. He has gathered a school, and engages in industrial and evangelistic work. He is assisted by Rev. A. K. Peabody and wife. Mr. Peabody was a student at Storer College, and is a native of the Bassa tribe."

Tell the story of Lewis P. Clinton, "The African Prince." (Send to Mrs. A. D. Chapman, 12 Prescott St., Lewiston, Me., for leaflet, one cent each; six cents a dozen.)

Mr. Clinton writes:—"Wherein you have had a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, bear in mind that there is no Christmas in heathen Africa. There are millions and millions of unfortunate people living in this wonderful dark land who have never heard the glad tidings of the Christ-child. It is for these very degraded people that I am working hard both day and night."

Shall we not help our missionaries in Africa, in their new and difficult tasks, by our prayers and our gifts?

PRAYER AND CLOSING SONG.

CRADLE ROLL

(Rolls that have paid from March 31, 1905, to March 31, 1906.)

MAINE.—Blaine, Bridgewater, Cape Elizabeth, Chester, Ft. Fairfield, Gray, Houlton, Island Falls, Lisbon, North Berwick, (2nd church,) North Lebanon, Ocean Park, Portland, Presque Isle, Saco, Steep Falls, Sprague's Mills, West Falmouth.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Alton, Ashland, Belmont, (2nd church,) Bristol, Canterbury, Dover, (Washington St.,) Epsom, Franconia, Farmington, Gonic, Hampton, Laconia, Loudon, Manchester, Moultonboro and Tuftonboro, Pittsfield, South Danville.

VERMONT.—North Danville, St. Johnsbury.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Cambridge, Somerville, Wilbraham.

RHODE ISLAND.—Carolina, Pawtucket, Providence, (Roger Williams,) Providence, (Pond St.)

NEW YORK.—Poland.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Gains.

INDIANA.—Oakland City, (General Baptist church.)

MICHIGAN.—Algansee, Bankers, Kibbie, Fairfield, Hillsdale, Mason.

IOWA.—Mt. Zion.

MINNESOTA.—Brainard, Delevan.

KANSAS.—Buffalo Valley, Denton, Horton, Hickory Grove, Summit, Salem.

ADVANCED LIGHT BEARERS

MAINE.—Ft. Fairfield.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Moultonboro and Tuftonboro.

ROHDE ISLAND.—Pawtucket.

Total, 65.

LAURA A. DEMERITTE, *Treasurer.*

Contributions

F. B. WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY

Receipts for March, 1906

MAINE

Alfred, Miss Nellie B. Jordan, gen. wk.	\$ 5 00
Aroostook Q.M., Aux. coll. for school India	5 25
Hollis Aux.	5 00
Island Falls S. S. for Miss Barnes	4 00
Limerick Aux. on L. M. Fee	4 00
Ocean Park, Toilers-by-the-Sea	1 00
Ocean Park, C. R.	15
Pittsfield, Int. Mary B. Wingate Fund	6 00
Pittsfield Aux. for "Nettie"	6 25

NEW HAMPSHIRE

E. Rochester Aux. for Miss Butts	\$ 1 00
Gonic C. E. for Alma, S. O.	12 50
Laconia Aux.	16 70
Laconia 1 Aux. F. B. W. M. S., refurbishing room at Storer	20 00
London Miss. Dpt. of society	5 00
Manchester Aux.	4 75
Whitefield Aux. for Miss Butts	10 00

VERMONT

Lincoln, by Rev. J. F. Thurston for refurbishing Dorcas Smith room at Storer	\$ 1 00
Lyndon Ctre., by Rev. Chas. Ingalls for ditto	1 00
No. Danville, by Rev. B. P. Parker for ditto	1 00
No. Danville for Dr. Smith	2 50
Orange Co. Asso. for refurbishing room at Storer, Dorcas Smith room	6 55
Sutton Aux. for Dr. S.	2 00
Sutton, by Rev. Franklin Blake for Dorcas Smith room	1 00
W. Derby, by Rev. Edwin Blake for ditto	1 00
Wheelock Ch. for Dr. Smith	4 00
Williamstown Aux. for Dr. S.	4 50
Rev. and Mrs. L. W. Pease for Miss Dawson	10 00

MASSACHUSETTS

Lawrence, Girls' Miss. Band for furnishing room in Myrtle Hall, Storer	\$20 00
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NEW YORK

Buffalo W. M. S. of 2d. F. B. Ch. for Nitya	\$25 00
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OHIO

Beech Grove S. S. for Miss Barnes	\$ 2 00
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MICHIGAN

Fairfield, Frank Gray, C. R.	\$ 1 00
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MINNESOTA

Minneapolis Ch. W. M. S. for F. M.	\$25 00
Verona Miss. Soc'y for F. M.	10 00

IOWA

Aurora Aux., for Miss Scott	\$ 3 05
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Buchanan Q. M., for Miss Scott	5 08
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Fairbank Aux., for Miss Scott	5 00
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Lamont Aux., for Miss Scott	4 30
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Spencer W. M. S., for Storer	4 00
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SOUTH DAKOTA

Sioux Falls S. S., birthday box for Beraj S. O.	\$ 2 00
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MISCELLANEOUS

Income of Sinking Fund	\$ 8 75
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Income on Funds	10 00
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Sinclair Mem'l.	35
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Income Hannah Parker Fund for child in S. O.	13 75
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Income Temp. Loan for Income Fund	20 00
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Total	\$300 43
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LAURA A. DEMERITTE, *Treas.*

Per EDYTH R. PORTER, *Asst. Treas.*

CORRECTION—In November Receipts the credit of \$11.00 to Estherville, Iowa, should have been: Central City, \$7.00, Estherville Juniors, \$4.00.